
Title: Dorieann Biography

Author: Beowulf Thormear

Humming, Rosemary looked in her bag, and made sure everything was there. Hmm, she thought, I am low on black pearls. Going to the cupboard, she checked for her extra stock. Finding none, she shook her head, and went downstairs.

“Honey,” she called, “I am going to the market. I need some regents. Do you need anything?”

“Yes,” she heard her husband, Marcus, call. “Can you get me some band aids while you are out?”

“Of course.” She saw her daughter, Xandria, run up to her, and smiled sweetly down at her. Her eleven year old daughter was everything she could have hoped for: sweet, kind, gracious, well-mannered and obedient. Her daughter smiled winsomely at her, and batted her purple eyes, so like her mother’s.

“Mom, can you please get me a book while you are out? I finished the last one.” Xandria looked at her mother, pleadingly. Rosemary chuckled. Her daughter’s love of books was definitely a source of amusement within the family. Smiling, she took her daughter’s hand and

smiled.

“Alright, dear, anything in particular you wish?”

Rosemary looked at her daughter, grinning. Xandria tilted her head thoughtfully, and then smiled.

“Oh, can you see if they have anything on manners in the last century? I wish to compare them with today’s standard, and see how they have changed.”

Laughing, Rosemary nodded. “Manners? If you insist, my dear.” All of a sudden, she heard a banging coming down the stairs. Looking up at her step-daughter, she shook her head. At eight years old, Doireann looked more like a budding warrior than a little girl. With leggings on, a make-shift tunic, and her red hair in braids, she looked out of place amongst the grandeur of the house. She was the little rebel of the group, always wanting to do more than a little eight year old girl could. Rosemary smiled, seeing an impish grin spreading across Doireann’s face. “Yes, dear, and what would you like me to get you?”

Holding a book of chivalry close to her, Doireann looked at Rosemary and straightened her face. “I want to come with you.” She held out her hand, showing thirty gold. “I need to give tithe this to the virtues.” She held the book up to Rosemary, nodding solemnly. “It says to give of yourself and sacar...sraci...” She

frowned, trying to remember. “To Loath to place the self above aught else.”

“Sacrifice?” Xandria asked, looking at her little step-sister, amused.

“Yes, sacrifice. That is one of the virtues. And... I can do that one now, at least.” Doireann opened the book, and staring intently at the pages. “I can do sacrifice, that is giving yourself to a cause. And, it says here, that to give gold to your beliefs.” Doireann nodded. “See, and also, it is part of spiritalitee.” She pointed to the book.

“Spirituality?” Xandria stared at Doireann, who nodded emphatically.

“Yes, that. See? Knowing your true self knows all. Daddy said that if you give to the virtues, you learn of yourself.”

Marcus snuck behind the group, and laughed, hearing his daughter’s words. “We need to get you to learn amongst the virtue priestess’s.”

“Like my first mommy?” Doireann asked, her eyes wide.

“Yes, like your fist mommy. Let’s all go to the market, and we will see if there is anything there for a little termagant to buy, and maybe someone who will teach her the true meaning behind virtues.” Laughing, he picked up

Doireann, and threw her on his back. Doireann held on tightly, giggling wildly.

“Yeah! Can I also tithe my gold?”

“Sure. I will show you the proper way to do so. How does that sound?”

“Oh, can you? That would be great! Yeah, Xandy, we are going to the market!”

Xandria looked up panicked, and looked down at what she was wearing.

“I can’t go like this. People will see the tail, the horns... I will be laughed at.”

“That’s silly,” Doireann said, giggling. “You’re pretty. You look like mommy, just with a tail and horns. I like them. They make you even prettier.” She giggled, and buried her head against her father’s back.

Shaking her head at Doireann, Xandria ran upstairs, and put on a long skirt and a floppy hat, making sure to carefully wrap her tail around her leg. Running back downstairs, she smiled at the group. The four headed out to the coach that had been outfitted for their excursion.

Holding her father’s hand, Doireann stared at the massive building in Luna. She had been here many times, though she had never known that this is where her father went to pay homage to the

virtues. Staring at her father with a look of awe, she heard him laugh. "Come, Dory, it is time to learn how to tithe." Stopping briefly at the bank, they made their way upstairs. Grinning, he showed his beloved child the ankh.

"Wherever you find an ankh, you can give money to the virtues. Remember this." He placed a bag upon the stone in front of the ankh, and watched it disappear. Grinning, he turned to his child, who was staring in awe at the stone. "Now, it is your turn."

Cautiously, Doireann stepped towards the ankh, and slowly placed her gold on the stone. She watched in awe as the gold disappeared. "Wow," she breathed, looking at the stone. "Will it do that with anything?" she asked her father, looking around furtively for something to place on the stone.

Chuckling, Marcus rubbed her head. "No, just gold." He reached into his sack, and withdrew something. Doireann craned her neck to see what it was. "Go ahead. Here is a rock. Place it on the stone."

Crouching, she placed the rock on the stone, and watched as it just stood there, unmoving. "Oh! Do you have another gold piece daddy?"

Looking at his daughter curiously, he handed her a gold piece. She took it, and placed it next to the

rock on the slab. She smiles, and then laughed in delight, watching the gold piece disappear while the rock stayed in place.

“Alright, dear. Now it is time to go see your mother.” Doireann grinned and reached her hand up, taking his hand. Her father led her through the stalls, guiding her as she stared in awe at the things around her. Getting to the center of the bustle he looked around, frowning. He saw a passerby and raised his hand.

“Excuse me, sir. I have you seen two woman, both with purple eyes and hair?” he asked, his worried eyes looking around.

“Oh, sir, there was a man, deathly ill, and the older one had gone to volunteer to help, taking the younger with her. They went down that path,” the man said, pointing northeastward.